## BIGGAR AT CUPID'S SHRINE

MISS HYLAND DESCRIBES HIS COURTSHIP-EGAN IPROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

Paris, March 16.

I have had an interview with the plaintiff in the case of Hyland vs. Biggar. She has aged ten years since she took the action. For the whole world, she says, she would not undergo again what she has experienced since she took legal proceedings. The best thing about them is, in her opinion, that they are over. Her story was simple and straightforward. It was confirmed by evidence which I greatly regret was not produced before Lord Coleridge and the jury that awarded her the £400 damages. Her attorney instructed her to submit to him any letters which had been addressed to her by Mr. Biggar. She did not, however, place in his hands a photographic carte of her false-hearted and caddish suitor, on the back of which was written: "To Darling Fan, with 10,000 loves and kisses from J. G. B." The neglect to produce this piece de conviction speaks volumes for the simplicity of Miss Hyland.

It is clear that the M. P. for Cavan meant to sponge" on the Hyland sisters and their aunt. These amiable and estimable spinsters have no more idea of the world beyond their own narrow sphere than had Miss Pyncheon in "The House of the Seven Gables." It was Mr. Patrick Egan, the treasurer of the Land League, who incited Miss Fanny to seek for damages in an English court of law. He volunteered, when she was jilted, to stand to her in lieu of a father, and remonstrated with Biggar on his cruel behavior toward her. Mr. Egan was impelled, I have no doubt, by a sentiment of generous pity for three harmless, unprotected, and inoffensive ladies who had been proyed upon by a rich and vulgar cynic. But in tanding up for them the treasurer of the Land League did not properly estimate his own weakness or the strength of Carey's revelations, which, it appears, are compromising for him. He did not dare appear before the London tribunal. I was shown two letters of his stating what evidence he had given in Dublin to Mr. Meldon, M. P., the Irish partner of Miss Fanny's solicitor. His testimony, which was technically worthless, because the person who gave it did not enter the witness-box, showed knowledge of a matrimonial engagement and that it was known of from conversations with Riggar. Egan impressed me on the two occasions on which I saw him last year as being a man of amiable disposition and native refinement, but devoid of breeding and backbone. Had he appeared in court the letters I speak of would have clinched the action.

Some of his motives for keeping back will be obvious to those who have watched the development of the Kilmainham affair. But I am told there was a hidden motive. Biggar is a sort of Quilp. He was the Mephistopheles of the Land League Treasurer, whom he frequently urged to send money to scoundrels in Ireland, and accompanied to the banker's. If evidence had been given in Miss Hyland's favor, the M. P. for Cavan would, it is surmised, have wreaked a terrible vengeauce.

Biggar never spoke of marriage before Miss Hyland's relations. But he acted as if there had been a matrimonial engagement. Miss Elizabeth Hanbury, the aunt of the plaintiff, having a fine sense of propriety, objected to the familiarity of Biggar, because she said it was not justified by an outspoken engagement. She expressed uncasiness to an Irish priest, who reassured her by saying that Biggar was highly honorable, and had, because persuaded that the Catholic faith alone was true, renounced Protestantism and became a devont Romanist. He was, however, crotchety and peevish, and if there was any sign given that he was mistrusted would break off the engagement. The best way to hold him was to show the utmost confidence in his honor, and almost to take for granted that his word was a sacramental pledge. There is no doubt that Mr. Egan took a manly and generous view of the case. But there are, alas! few human beings endowed with the grace of martyrdom, and the treasurer of the Land League knew that Bid ar was perverse, vengeful, and an utter cad.

When Egan, after being cited as a witness, failed to appear, Mr. Clarke, the advocate for the plaintiff, said to her: "You have nothing to go upon. Biggar never spoke of marriage before your aunt and sister. He led them to think he w engaged, but that was not enough." After the Lora Chief Justice summed up, Mr. Clarke whispered to his "When I expected Mr. Egan your case was worth £1,000. I would not now give two pence half-penny for it.' Mr. Bradlaugh, however, was of a different opinion. He said to Miss Mary Hyland, beside whom he sat: "Biggar has cut his own throat. The jury will award you all the damages

they reasonably can. If the Hylands had not paid Miss Fanny's attorney all the costs in advance, the action, after Mr. Egan declined to appear, would have been dropped. But they could lose nothing more by going on, and as the Member of Parliament for Cavan had spoken in the most offensive manner to several of his Home Rule colleagues of his ex-fiancée, she thought she might at least prevent her fair fame from being tarnished. On the score of a good repute she was extremely sensitive. Her heart, as she said, was fairly broken in two when she was informed of the odious things which had been said of her by the man who had so often called her his "darling." She, therefore, decided that she could not do better than go on. If Biggar was not punished, she at least would, she felt, be vindicated. The suspicious eye and severe manner of the judge greatly distressed her. But she felt that some of the jurors regarded her with paternal kindness. If it had not been for this, she must have broken down. Biggar almost intimidated her counsel by saying aloud to his own attorney that he would disgrace Miss Fanny when it was his turn to give evidence. Mr. Sexton came as a witness. But after the faiture of Egan to appear, Mr. Clarke did not dare to rely upon the testimony of that M. P., or even to put him forward. It was noticed that he seemed to fear Biggar, who

'sniggered" defiantly at him. I asked Miss Fanny Hyland how it was that she and her sister fell in with the Home Rule set of M. P.'s when they were here to avoid prosecution last year. She answered: "Through Mr. Egan, whom I had met at a tea-party at the house of a certain Madame Rouver."

"Is it strictly true," I inquired, "that you did not know at the beginning of the courtship what Mr. Biggar's position was "" "Nothing ever was truer. We never read a newspaper and were in complete ignorance of what had been going on in Parliament. In a general sort of way we knew that Ireland was disturbed and in a bad way. but that was all. Mr. Biggar had visited us and paid me attention ere I discovered that he was rich and an M. P. I was first made aware of these particulars by Mr. Egan. An Irish priest confirmed them. My aunt did not like the way he (Biggar) was making up to me, and both she and consulted this priest, who told us to be mistrustful, but to show faith Biggar's honor and honesty. The priest mentioned that I had to deal with a short-tempered and touchy but high-minded person, who had from conviction renounced the Protestant creed and embraced the Catholic religion. His word was as good as a bank note. If he paid attention he had matri-

monial ideas." What attention did he pay?"

"Nearly every morning he used to write a line for me to meet him at the tram-car, at the corner of the Avenue de Villiers, and when I went he would call me his darling and tell me that he was unable to do without me."

"Under what circumstances did he buy the pair of boots "

"Oh, these boots! I was so ashamed about them in court and so angry that I was not properly questioped! This is how he brought them. We had been walking in the Bois. The ground was sloppy. In returning home I shivered and when he asked what ailed me I said my feet were wet. Disectly we came in he cried out: 'My darling is thilled.' He made such a fuss and called the ser-

vant to unbutton my boots and pull them off! When they were removed he made the girl rub my feet before the fire. It was quite droll, as he knew no French and she no English, and I was ashamed at being treated so lovingly. Dinner was waiting and our lady lodger was impatient for it to our lady lodger was impatient for it to be served. But he insisted on its being delayed. While the rubbing was going on he examined my boots and stockings and called them maerable flimsy things. He said I ought to be provided with cork-soled boots and thick worsted stockings, and that he himself would buy them for me. When he was going away, after dinner, he returned to the subject and told me that he could not bear the idea of another chill. We made an appointment to go next day to the Bon Marché, where he selected the articles in question and paid for them."

"And were you in love at all with him?" "Not at first. I thought him monstrously ugly. But we had led such a dull, monotonous, closed-up life since we came to Paris that I was obliged to him for giving a new turn to my existence. It was very delightful to feel there was somebody who took an interest in me. He got completely round me the evening on which he had my feet rubbed before the fire. After that I could have walked to the other end of Europe for his sake. It was a dreadful blow to me when I found out how false he was."

"When did you make that discovery?" "After he started for Loudon. The morning on which he left he kissed me, and said: "Darling Fan, think of me constantly; pray for the removal of the obstacles, and write often to me." He ran back three times to kiss me anew. I went to the window to see him get into the tram-car, and he waved a handker-chief at me. I then went to look at his photograph and pray for him. In the course of the day he lunched with Sexton and Boyton at the Hotel de Normandie, and there said such awful things about me that one of the two gentlemen in his indignation dashed a tumbler on the ground and broke it. Sexton was to have been the best man at our wedding, but Biggar would not let him call on us. He and Boyton went and told Mr. Egan about the odious calumnies. The latter gentleman then wrote the letter which Mr. Clarke read in court. I did not ask him to do so. The priest asked what business Mr. Egan had interfering. He replied that he interfered because I had no father or brother to take my part, and had been outrageously victimized. When Biggar's curt note arrived. Egan told me that I ought to resent it, and that if I were his child he knew what he would do. I don't know how I ever bore up under this trial. I did not begin law proceedings until I found that Biggar had made me out a shameless woman who persecuted him with my fondness. I can't repeat the terms in which he spoke of me."

"Did you notice." I asked, "anything in his manner in the latter days of the courtshi

how can one pray for a deceiver who is happy and prosperous in this life ??"

presperous in this life ??"

"Did your aunt ever try to make him declare himself in precise terms before her?" "She was afraid on account of what the priest said about his touchiness and honorable character."

Miss Fanny showed me the chain and locket which the M. P. for Cavan bought for her in the Palais Royal. The chain is, from the strong copper alioy, of a reddish tinge, and the locket is a trumpery pinchbeck thing. If the lady had not been a simple soul he would not have offered them to her. simple soul he would not have offered them to her. I never saw a more vulgar trinket than the locket. There is attached to her chain a pencil and watch-key. Miss Fanny intends to devote this love-token to some religious charity as a thanks-offering for being well through her action. She was going to throw the photograph, with the "10,000 loves and kisses," into the fire, when I asked her to let me have it. What a pity it is that Mr. Clarke did not show it to the jury and say: "Gentlemen, if you cut off one

What a pity it is that Mr. Clarke did not show it to the jury, and say: "Gentlemen, if you cut off one cipher you will get at a fair amount of damages."

Mr. Egan's position was a very difficult one in the Biggar-Hyland affair. He felt well and wished to act well. But the M. P. for Cavan more than outweighted his (Egan's) native goodness, and I have no doubt resorted to intimidation. If the evidence given by word of mouth by Mr. Egan to Mr. Meldon, the Dublin partner of Miss Hyland's solicitor, has been repeated in the London court of justice, Biggar would have tried to wreak vengeance by foul means if not by fair.

The M. P. for Cavan made a fool during seven years of a Manchester lady named Stephens. When he began to court her, she was young and rather good-looking. He jiited her because he thought she was not sufficiently stylish to be the wife of a Member of Parliament.

## KARL MARX.

From The London World.

For ever thirty years England was the home of this remarkable man. So quiet and retired was his way of life that nine Englishmen out of ten had never even heard his name. You met him quietly walking down Gowerst., a man somewhat over middle size, although, owing to a slight stoop—the stoop of the student not of the invalid—and to his breadth of shoulder and depth of class, he looked rather less; under his arm would be some papers, for he was on his way to the British Museum Library, where he spent more time than perhaps any other living man, and altogether, with his light tweed coat and soft feit hat, you would take him tweed coat and soft feit hat, you would take him for the teacher of modern languages in a ladies' school, leisurely making his way from the Underground Railway station to fulfil his wearlsome task. Under the great dome of the library he was, as might be expected, at home, but he made few acquaintances; and the mild divine who rubbed elbows with him at the catalogue-desk, or the lady writer who was just putting the finishing touches to an improving article for the Quiver in the next seat at the reading table, had little idea that the gray-bearded reader, half nidden among high piles of books and papers, was the high priest of latterday Socialism. d coat and soft felt hat, you would take him

gray-bearded reader, half indden among high piles of books and papers, was the high priest of latterday Socialism.

The prophet of this new school lived in a plain English house in a quiet by-road of Haverstock Hill, a man noticeable at once, chiefly for the marvellous outlines of a head and face that were surely born to sit on the shoulders of a ruler of men. The brow was massive, and every feature well formed, the whole surrounded by a halo of silver hair, sadly thinned by time, but still somewhat aggressive and unyielding, like its owner. The full beard, too, was white, affording a marked contrast to a monstache still black. Most remarkable of all were the eyes, which surely Charles Lamb must have had in his mind when he spoke of the 'full, dark, inscrutable eyes' of the Jew; and Marx was by descent a Jew. They seemed to nice you, as in a gentle but emphatic voice the terrible 'incendiary' talked of the past, with its struggles, its memories of Heine and of Freiligrath, and of the future with its hopes. He was proud of his work, and, above all, of 'Das Kapital,' the first volume of which is eagerly bought and read in every tongue and country of Europe—except our own. That volume contains the almost undivided labor of twenty years, and the motto except our own. That volume contains the almost undivided labor of twenty years, and the motto prefixed, chosen from Dante, represents bis ideal of unswerving devotion to a cause.

## LORD BROUGHAM'S WIG.

In 1837 Charles Sumner, being then twenty-six years old, and fresh from his law studies during his Harvard course, and two years' practice in Boston, went abroad for four years of travel. While in England he was presented to Lord Brougham, with whom he became a great favorite. In February, 1839, he wrote to a friend as follows: "Lord Brougham has given me his full-bottom lord-chancellor wig, in which he made his great speech on the reform oill. Such awig costs twelve guineas, and then the associations of it! in America it will be like Rabelais's gown." The wig was sent home by Sumner to Judge Story, to whom he wrote from Germany in 1840, saying: "I am glad you have Brougham's wig. I always wished it to go to the law school. Put it in a case and preserve it." This request was complied with, and the wig became one of the penates of the school. But the biennial migrations of students, the resignations of professors, and the repeated changes in librarians soon removed those who knew the value of the rehe, and the wig, in its pasteboard hox, worked its way to the obscurity of the law-school garret.

Years passed; the death of Brougham in 1868 revived the faded memories of his ecoquence, his varied learning and his wonderful career; a biographer of Sumner stumbed on a clew to the existence of the wig, and sought it at the Cambridge school. None of the then present generation of students had ever heard of it. The librarian remembered dimity having found a wig in a dust-covered box in the garret, but knew nothing of its origin. A younger member of the iaculty confessed to having worn it in former student days while sitting as presiding justice in moot court trals, but of its present whereabouts none could te'l. Further inquiry proved that the law-school garret had been cleared of rubbish several summers previous, and that the wig in its dusty box had migrated to a store-room in Harvara fiall. To old Harvard, then, the searcher went and encountered an aged employe of the college who presided over the buildings in the ya From The Boston Advertiser.

pisteboard box which had kicked about for some time and had then been turned over to one of his assistants. The assistant was summoned and after long effort recaised to his memory the fact that he had given an old wig to his little children to play with, and that they having exansted its attractiveness it had gone into the ash heap, and one summer afternoon had been earled across Holmes field to the hollow by the willows, and dumped into the mass of earth and ashes which were then being graded to form the ground upon which now stands the north goal of the foot-ball field.

Further search was useless, and the wig was left to its fate, but the future students of the English law, as they finger the pages of Mecson and Welsby, or Barnewall and Creswell, and gaze northward from the windows of the new law building, may meditate on the mutability of matter and the fall of Lord Brougham's wig from the pinnacie of the woolsaok to the ash-heaps of Holmes field.

AMERICAN TRADE IN TURKEY. ENDANGERED BY TURKISH DUPLICITY AND

AMERICAN NEGLECT.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 1.

A judge of one of the city courts was talking the other day about the rebellion in the Soudan, where the "Mehdi" seems to be having things all in his own way. He evidently hoped that the Mehdi's half-armed hordes might prove the instruments by which Providence is preparing to humble the pride of the English. He was somewhat startled, however, on learning that 1,500 miles of territory yet separated the Mehdi from the English outposts in Egypt. His law-books had conveyed to his mind no information as to the extent of the valley of the Nile, and on learning that the great river came up out of Central Africa from lakes more than 1,500 miles beyond the scene of the Mehdi's labors, this judge remarked: "Why, it must rise very near to America then!" The vague idea among the mass of the people here as to the geographical position of the United States easily classes them with the uncertain sources of the river of the dark continent. Holding such impressions as to the impracticable situation of our country, the common people here are astounded to learn that the American Legation has dared to raise its voice in protest against some of the acts of the Government of His Imperial Majesty. European questions seem to be hibernating just now and lo! an American question has turned up.

Something of this amazement and disgust appear in circles above the level of the common people. The Porte keeps an Ambassador in Washington. He is not a Moslem, and to support him there requires the expenditure of much money, which many faithful officials here really need. The only advantage of an Ambassador in Washington which would compensate the self-demal involved in providing his salary, would be his success in counteracting the effect of the biased views of American interests held by American representatives here. It is a wellestablished rule of vision that one may be too near a scene to attain a just view of it. The use of a Turkish Ambassador at Washington is to convince the State Department that all questions should be settled there rather than here, since Consuls and Ministers are too near the whirl and dust of action to have any just idea of the true interests of the United States in Turkey. If the Turkish Ambassa-dor can but convince Mr. Frelinghuysen of the justice of this position, the coveted money spared for his salary will have been well diverted from the hands of anxious Moslems here.

Without presuming to suggest that such a thought exists in higher quarters, I cannot but remark that in certain circles here there is great satisfaction felt n the knowledge that the State Department at Washington is in the hands of men honest enough to have faith in human nature. It is very pleasing o some Turks to know that American straightforwardness and honesty can be relied upon never to suspect a lack of honesty in others unless the duplicity is shown by proof such as exploded poor Catacazy of bye-gone days. There is reason to be lieve also that a certain amount of satisfaction exists in official circles with the results upon the American capital of the bland and bachelor fascinations personified in the Turkish Ambassador. There are even whispers that a good time may come when the American Government shall be induced to recall some of the present staff of the Legation, and to send out for duty here a man who will serve Turkish interests well. The conceit is a pretty one! An officer representing the United States with the assurance that he will care well for Turkish interests! However the future may turn it would seem that the Porte has an impression that it can already manage American affairs here through the diplo matic ability of its representative at Washington. The result is expected to redound to the enlargement of the cash balances of the Turkish Treasury.

The German experts imported to study the finances of Turkey have found that in the last fiscal year the revenues of Turkey were \$66,264,000, while its expeuditures were \$89,496,000, of which about one half went to keep up the army and navy. These experts, after profound study of the ugly deficit of \$23,232,000, have reached the striking and original conclusion that either reduction of expenses or increase of revenue must be resorted to for the production of an equilibrium in the budget. Now the true Turk feels toward economy as the famous Frenchman did toward morality-he abhors it. Hence the increase of the revenue is the sole course open to the financiers of the country. Since the imports in this country are double the exports, the inrease of the duties on imports presents itself as a quick and sure method of increasing the revenue Unfortunately, however, the duties on imports are ixed by treaties, and the Treasury must wait in hungry emptiness until these treaties expire. Meantime various little expedients have to be resorted to for the increase of revenue. The field offered by the commercial interests of the United States for such expedients is a tempting one, since that country is too far off to be easily affected by mishaps in Turkey, and since, perhaps, those who have charge of the experiments here rely on the ability of the Turkish Ambassador at Washington to convince the Secretary of State that American interests in Turkey are always and ever safe.

At all events, before the expiration of the treaties, the Turkish Government has taken it upon itself to lay additional import dues upon the principal articles of American trade with Turkey. In one case the new levy is a direct addition to the tariff. which the authorities here calmly say they do not recognize as longer valid. In the case of petroleum the new impost comes in an indirect way. American petroleum lights up Tarkey. It is carried to all parts of the country in such quantities that the tin boxes in which it comes figure for an important item in the material used by tinners, besides serving families and tribes with water-buckets, soup-kettles and ash-pans. American petroleum furnishes the great chandeliers of palaces and the hut of the nomad, where it has completely dispossessed castor oil as an illuminating agent and where it is burned in classic lamps-an open saucer with a wick at one side. To lay a new tax on the whele amount of American petroleum used in this country was a beautiful idea. In order to avoid the tariff regulation which fixes eight per cent as the maximum duty on this article, the authorities here have given a Turk permission to erect warehouses for storing petroleum, for safety's sake, at a distance from dwellings, and to collect fees for handling and storing the boxes. The place where the gain of the Imperial Treasury comes in is this: the Government has decreed that no petroleum shall enter this port without going through this privileged warenouse, that the fees of the warehouse shall be much greater than the same service would cost elsewhere. and that the owner of the privileged warehouse shall pay a certain proportion of his gains to the Government. The decree, as it stands, requires American petroleum to pay from six per cent to seven per ent as warehouse dues in addition to the eight per cent regular duty. This is rather a large pill to expect the Turkish Minister at Washington to get down the throat of the Administration, but I imagine that the Porte is not without hope, for it evinces a strange anxiety to have such matters left for arrangement at Washington when pressure for satisfaction here is made. Similar extra imposts have been put upon American cotton goods, and upon spirits of American origin.

Now the Turk is not a financier and he did not see the effect of laying these extra charges on American goods. He only thought of the money that would accrue if the American Government was too indolent to growl and should let American goods pay this extra duty for the privilege of access to Turkish markets. But the effect of the illegal additions to the tariff must be to cut off the importation of these goods from America. Russia is opening up the petroleum of the Caspian, but cannot compete with America in quality. She can, however, get it into the country without paying the extra tax and can make such difference in price as to drive the American article from the market. The same is true as to dents. alcohol, and as to cotton goods. By the extra tax the American goods become too heavily handscapped to compete. American pork was prohibited by the Turks as soon as France raised the anti-triching cry two or three years ago. The conscouence has been

to give the pork trade over into the hands of Germany, where it appears that the pigs are of irreproachable character. Thus the four articles of American commerce which have found Turkey a good market are, by the act of the Turkish Government, laid under a ban, to the vast delight of those who compete with America in this market. Of course I cannot tell how the matter will be viewed by your merchants-less how it will strike the official mind at Washington. But from this region it looks as though it would require a very extra amount of frank and open smiles on the part of the Turkish representatives in Washington to satisfy the Secretary of State of the superiority of the Turkish view as to American interests here.

Another illustration of the small value placed on

American interests by the Turks is the care of the

book-publishing house set up by the American

Board and the American Bible Society. These

American publishers have been building up a trade in books in Turkey during nearly fifty years. They have conformed to Turkish law in all respects-submit all their publications to the Government approval before publication-and have invested capital in the book business upon receiving such approval and authorizations in this and in previous reigns as seemed to warrant the investment. The fact that these publishers are American citizens, with business interests, remains in spite of the fact that they are acting from benevolent motives. Since they sell in the markets of the land all the books that they manufacture, and since they have the authorization of the Turkish Government to sell their books, they are on precisely the same footing as any other business house of Americans engaged in lawful trade. Their agents are found in all parts of the country and their sales amount to 150,000 or 200,000 volnmes yearly, of all kinds of books. During the last few years these American publishers have been subjected to an amount of illegal interference on the part of Turkish officials altogether unparalleled in their experience. Numerous cases of seizures of ooks or arrests of agents engaged in this authorized trade have put the publishers to great expense and inconvenience. Yet the Turkish Government atterly fails to yield to any request for redressor for provision against similar illegal actions in future. Whether there is sympathy or not in the objects of these American publishers, there must be in the American people a sense of fair play which will see that their great money interests be not left to be toyed with by men who expect impunity in flouting a very distant and good-natured and confiding nation. The fact is that unless the United States Government shall show that it can and will protect American interests, the last vestige of American trade in the Levant will soon be crushed out. And its epitaph will be: "Died of good-natured neglect." The reasoning apparatus of the Turk is phenome nal. You cannot affect him by argument. The only argument which he employs, when he is determined, is force, and therefore only by the display of force

can be be led to see that any others are determined. I have said above that the European interests in Turkey are hibernating. That circumstance does not lead to any abatement of expectancy as to new complications with Russia in the near future. Both Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia are in a more or less feverish condition. And this reminds me of a little joke on one of the Bulgarian Ministers. He had a draft of a severe law on the press which he desired to send to the confidential printer of the Government, But he had also a defence of the same law which he wished to send to the editor of the Maritsa in order to prepare the public mind for its issue. But there was an error in addressing the envelopes. The confidential package went to the newspaper editor and got published entire, with comments. The poor Minister is angry but helpless.

TO-MORROW. If we be glad or sad, or grave or gay, If sobs or laughter fill our throats to-day, What will it matter when light fades to gray

If we have now or love or bitter hate, If scorn or pity on our pleadings wait, The world will be the same whate'er our fate

Fret we to-day with hearts hot to the core With keenest anguish for what comes no more, Idle as dust the trifles we deplore! To-morrow.

The daises nod above our head. Insensate sleep we in our churchyard bed, Twill nothing count how we to-day have bled To-merrow. S. M. GRAY.

REMINISCENCES OF CLAY AND RANDOLPH.

gent 7"

Washington Correspondence of The Cleveland Leader,
Just below the Treasury, within a gunshet of the
White House, lives David Callan, one of the oldest
citizens of the District of Columbia. He has shaken
hands with seventeen Presidents of the United
states, and he saw the flames burst from the White
House when the British set fire to it during the war
of 1812, He is a sort of living record of the past,
and his personal recollections include reminiscences
of the great men of the country, from Madison down
to to-day. I had a delightful talk with him this
afterneon. Seventy-live years of age, his memory is of the great men of the country, from Madison down to to-day. I had a delightful talk with him this afternoon. Seventy-five years of age, his memory is as strong as that of Blame, and he talks as fluently as a college-boy, bubbling over with remusiscence and ancedote. A tall man with a high forebead, a large, thin face, silky gray hair, and bushy red eyebrows, he smiles pleasantly while he chats, and when I mentioned Ben Pericy Poore, a article in the last Century on the "Capitol at Washington," he said he had read it, and commenced at once to talk. "I knew Mr. Randolph," said he, "and often came in contact with him while he was here in Washington. But he was an austere man, cold and uncompanionable, and he fraternized but little with any one. His style was harsh.

Washington. But he was an austere man, cold and uncompanionable, and he fraternized but little with any one. His style was harsh.

"How do you do, Mr. Randolph, I am glad to see you. I passed your house the other day and had a notion to go in, but I did not."

"You did just right. Whenever you come by, just keep right on: I don't care to have callers.
"It was far different from that of Cluy, who was one of the kindest men who ever came to Washington. Clay had a good word for everybody. To a man he would say, putting his hand upon his shoulder in a tamiliar way, 'I am glad to see you to-day; I saw your good lady at church yesterday. How is your family? To a wohan, if he knew her, he would stop and shake hands with her on the street, and ask after her husband; and to a young man he would put himself on familiar terms, and advise with him as to his profession or plans for the future. Clay was a philanthropist, Randolph a misanthrope, and the one was loved as much as the other was feared and hated. The Congressmen were all afraid of Randolph. They feared his scathing sarcasm and were very careful net to tread upon his toes. Major Poore has made a slight mistake in the story about Randolph and Alston. Randolph had made a very sarcastic remark upon Alston in his speech before the House, and as they were going out the door, Alston, in revenge, struck one of Randolph's dogs. Randolph immediately cut him over the face with his riding whip, saying. 'You strike one pup, I strike another.' For this he was indicted and fined \$20."

"You say Clay was very popular."

"Yes, he was one of the most popular men of the

one pup, I strike another.' For this he was indicted and fined \$20."

"You say Clay was very popular."

"Yes, he was one of the most popular men of the past. When he spoke the House was generally crowded, and men came from Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New-York to hear him. He used to live next door to me. He was very fond of horseback riding, and nearly every morning he would take a walk, and early one morning on walking down F street before most people were up he was attacked by a goat of decided butting propensities. The goat and Clay fought for a long time. It backed him up against the fence, and Clay caught hold of his horns. Sometimes Clay would prove the stronger; at other times the goat became the master, and Clay had to go to the wall. After a lively tussle of about a quarter of an hour friends came to his relief, and the great Kentuckian had a chance to go home and change his clothes, which had become somewhat dirty during the fray."

## THURLOW WEED'S MODESTY.

From The Albany Press.

Governor Morgan made some allusion to the unassuming and simple deportment of Mr. Weed—"a man of such extraordinary power and influence." Some years before, while a resident of Albany, Mr. Weed had been asked to be the candidate for the office of Mayor of the city at a time when there could be no doubt of his election. But he declined the honor. The committee then called and urged his acceptance, but he would not hear of it. It seemed to be an important crisis, perhaps, to his party, and a third earnest application was made to overcome his scruples.

overcome his scruples.

"No, gentlemen," he replied. "I cannot consent. Indeed, if you could only know what a very poor Mayor I should prove to be, I am sure you would not urge me."

And this, said the Governor, from a man who had

"See here, sir." said the leader of the min uet to the orchestra director. "Do you think we are on the way to the funeral of a rich relative! because, if you do, you are very much instaken. We are dancing the minuet. Play slower."—[Philadelphia News. BASIL HALL.

AMERICAN MANNERS HALF A CENTURY AGO. OUR NATIONAL VANITY-THE WAYS OF SOCIETY-QUEER REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

When Basil Hall visited this country in 1827 what time he did not devote to fond attendance upon Mrs. Hall and their robust baby was given to collecting statistics and growling at the Americans. The book in which he aired his criticisms is now forgotten, and even his name is hardly known to the present generation of Americans whose forefathers he so roused to wrath. Cantain Basil was a jolly Tory of the deepest color with a profound faith in all the distinctions of rank, and democracy was of course a stench unto his nostrils. Our government, our institutions, our ideas were all offensive to him, and he could not but say so; --- why Americans should have wasted so much indignation over opinions so natural and inevitable is hard in these days to understand. There is something almost grotesque in Edward Everett's long-winded, and to tell the trath, rather whining, deprecation of the Scotchman's criticisms, "It will," said the orator, grandiloquently, " out a word in the mouths of those who vilify because they hate and hate because they FEAR us"; wherein Mr. Everett showed something of the restless American vanity with which Captain Hall was eternally finding fault.

That vanity apparently rose up "oefore his loyal face everywhere throughout America, and instead of welcoming it as a quality distinctly inherited from our self-satisfied Puritan ancestors, the traveller invariably permitted it to enrage him. The least whisper of it acted as a red rag upon this sourdiest of John Bulls. It overturned his most elaborately built-up desire to be fair, and led him, as he himself confesses, into more warmth of disputation than a well-bred visitor should show. He has the manliness to acknowledge, however, that he never knew his hosts to exhibit temper, no matter how provoking were his criticisms. He complains that " the most striking circumstance in the American character was their constant habit of praising themselves, their institutions, and their country. either in downright terms or by some would be indirect allusions which were still more tormenting." He found the natives always on the defensive, suspicious of a design to pick flaws, and curious beyond everything to know what the stranger thought about them. One man was unwilling that he should visit a certain State Legislature because it was an unfavorable specimen of the twenty-four them ing in existence; another wished him in travelling to take one route instead of another because the one he had decided upon would not give him a properly high idea of American scenery; and divers sage Bostoniana were grievously uneasy because the weather during his visit was not such as to inspire him with the desired reverence for the American climate. He watched with amusement what he calls "the vigilant adroitness" with which Americans availed themselves of every little circumstance to give effect to their self-laudatory practice. Happening one day to mention to a lady the cleverness with which the stage-drivers managed their horses more by word of mouth than by touch of the whip, she answered: "Oh yes, sir, the circumstance you relate is very interesting, as it shows both intelligence in the men and sagacity in the animals." Captain Basil, tickled by this amusble interchange of human wisdom and brute sagacity, smiled cynically; his fair interlocutor's suspicious took fire and she exclaimed: "Nay, sir, do you not think the people in America upon the whole particularly intelli-

The traveller asserts that he met this spirit of nervous suspicion always and everywhere. The least word in praise of England aroused a fidget to counterbalance it by something equally as good or much better said about America. "To such an extent," says the traveller, " was this jealous fever carried that I hardly recollect above half a dozen occasions during the whole journey when England was mentioned that the slightest interest of an agreeable kind was manifested on the part of the audience; or that a brisk cross-fire was not instantly opened on all hands, to depreciate what had been said; or, which was still more frequent, to build up something finer, or taller, or larger in America to over match it." His hosts were uneasy until they had extracted the Captain's opinions and still more uneasy when they discovered that those opinions were unfavorable; and if he left one factory unexamined, town, they held that he had seen nothing at all and had no material for judgment. When taken to an evening party the agreeable Captain- who had a lively tongue and loved to talk himself-could hardly find a chance to slip a word in edgewise amid the flood of self-praise in which the Americans indeleed. "Don't you think this is a wonderful country?" -so ran the invariable round of questions. "Don't you allow that we deserve great credit for what we are doing? Do not we resemble the old country much more than you expected? Had you any idea of finding us so far advanced? Are not the western parts of our State improving very rapidly f Is not our canal the finest work in the world? Don't you admit that we are becoming a great nation? What do you think of us upon the whole ?" When it was discovered that the did not think us absolutely perfect, then there was a chorus of excuses-he had been accidentally or

whole? When it was discovered that the visitor did not think us absolutely perfect, then there was a chorus of excess—he had been accidentally or wilfully misted by designing people, or he had unfortunately gone to such and such a town at wrong moment.

The vanued intelligence and high-mind'edness of the Americans the Captain declares that he could in no wise discover; and while he found a pervading and vehement passion for reading light literature, he saw no indication of the smallest taste for collectin; books. In spite of a bitter and grudging feeling toward Engiand—which he illustrates by mentioning a grave proposal to reliminate by mentio

There appeared to be little or no companionship between the sexes; and the Captain despondently observed that he never once during the whole period he was in this country saw anything approaching within many degrees to a Flirtationa circumstance which appeared to strike him as a grisyous augury. The most respectful and key propriety reigned at such gatherings as ladies were permitted to attend; they sat in ,a prim row around the wall while a phalanx of youths discussed politice in the doorway without any apparent wish to

engage the fair ones in polite conversation on

Shakespeare and the musical glasses. The Captain

listened to an oration in a church in Stockbridge and was mightily surprised to see the ladies carefully placed by themselves on one side of the building and utterly ignored by the masculine part of the audience. The result of all the Scotchman's inquiries and observations was to convince him that while there was no wish on the part of men to depress the other sex, they did manage to do so very thoroughly, and that as women did not enjoy that station in society which had been allotted to them elsewhere, society in consequence lost much of the charm of polish and grace known to it in older countries. In short, Captain Hall described American men as buried in electioncering, in endless litigation and in business, - occupations which could not possibly be understood by the women, who in their turn were engrossed by a struggle with miserable servants. This separation naturally caused social negligences. The Captain remarked that men were careless in their dress, that their hats were unbrushed, their shoes unpolished, and worst or all, they ate with their knives. The traveller's endeavors to do in Rome as The traveller's endeavors to do in Rome as the Romans did were attended by some difficulties; between reinctance to do what he had been taught to consider ill-bred, the desire to please by conformity and the impossibility of fishing up peas, for example, or rice, with the two-pronged forks then exclusively used here, many good things were apt to slip away from him. The rapidity with which the Americans devoured their meals never ceased to horrify him. As he pursued his journey westward he noticed a gradual acceleration in the speed of the New World cormorant, and he grew to take a fantastic pleasure in timing his explains

ploits
Republican simplicity did not of course please this
loyal subject of the first Gentleman in Europe. The
unfurnished and unpainted ball-room in the White
House excited his derision and he carefully noted down the fact that though infurnished and unpainted ball-room in the White House excited his derision and he carefully noted down the fact that though Congress at one session appropriated a comfortable sum for fitting up the place, divers new members fresh from the woods asked during the next session what was the use of expending so much of the public money when people could dance as well or even better in the empty room than in one crowded with furniture. At the time of the Captaiu's visit Congress was occupied in discussing the monstrons extravagance of the President in the outlit of this house, and was especially sharp concerning the billiard-table, which in an outbreak of lavishness he had ordered. The visitor himself heard thus billiard-table spoken of in the Chamber more than once, and with perfect seriousness, as a sort of charms against Mr. Adams. "I cannot support Johnt Q. Adams." says a writer in a newspaper of the time, "because he has introduced a billiard-table into the President's house, for the amusement of its inmates and visitors; thus holding out inducements to engage in a captivating vice—departing from plain Republican manners—imitating the court eliquette of regal powers, and furnishing an example to the youth of our country which I can conceive can neither be too generally nor too severely reprehended."

Slavery disturbed the good Captain until he went to the South and beheld what seemed to his discipline-loving soul the sweet pairiarchal features of the system. Our management of elections, our theories of representation, and especially our system of rotation in office, were abhorrent to this stout Tory, and he said so in many pages of what to-day seems the dreariest of twaddle; but the souls of Americans would have been unwrung had he left their manners alone.

GLIMPSES OF SONORA.

GUAYMAS AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE SILVER GATE AND THE BARBOR-SOIL, CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS-RUDE MEXICAN MACHINERY.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TEIBUNE.] HERMOSILLO, March 17 .- The prospect of getting a birdseye view of the part of Mex.co believed to be most rich in silver and of the State which the late Emperor Napoleon was to have presented to Duke Gwin as a reward for the services he was expected to render in attracting Confederate soldlers thither to support the tottering throne of Maximilian overceme my of tion to a journey of some 400 miles through a wild and mountainous country to a town or seapor, of which I knew little that would attract the tourist. I reached Guaymas about noon of the 14th. The road was in excellent condition, and the railroad buildings and equipment at Guaymas were substantial and looked as though the con.pany had come to stay. A first glance directed toward the city showed a group of one-story houses mostly built of sun-baked brick, lying along the shore with high hills behind it of craggy and for the most part barren rocks. I stepped from the cars upon the shore, which, as far as the eye could reach, was lived with oysters, and as it was near lunch time, proceeded at once, with " such weapons as God and nature had pub into my hands," to test their quality. They are equal to the best Ostend oysters, and the price is nominal, for they are as plenty as seawced.

The harbor is perfectly land-locked and apparently furnishes perfect and ample shelter for an enormous Silver Gate" (the felleitous name with which Mr. Osborne, of the Hitnois Central Railroad, has christened the entrance to this harbor; into the Gulf of California, confirmed first impressions and established the propriety of the name. As "the Golden Gate" is the entrance to the great gold State of the Pacific, this is the entrance to the great silver State of the Pacific, and it would be no easy matter to decide which of the two is the more picturesque, or more accessible and inviting to the mariner. "The Silver Gate" is about a quarter of a mile wide and from there to the inner harbor there is an ever-enlarging channel of between four and five miles, furnishing ample space for all the present com-merce of New-York City to ride in perfect security. There is no bar of any kind at its entrance, and the bottom is of soft mud of unascertained depth. The fact that a vessel loaded with iron drawing thirty-two feet only a few weeks ago entered and unloaded in the inner harbor is conclusive as to the depth of the water. The steamer City of Mexico, of 2,000 tons burden, which piles between San Francisco and the Southern Pacific,